Prince. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeare before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglaſſe*, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll killes a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prince. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe) but on foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinck'ing Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*. Art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparent, could the world picke thee out three ſuch Enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy Father; if thou doe loue mee, practiſe an anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhalbe my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept: For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prince,